THE BRAHMIN AND THE GOAT

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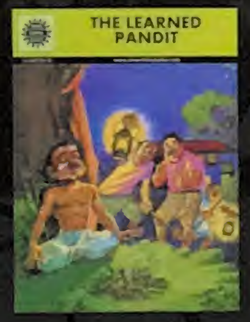
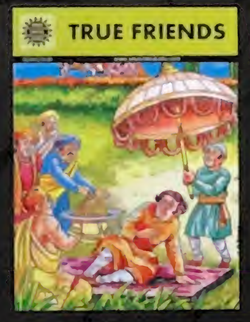
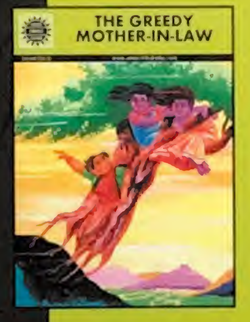
FABLES & HUMOUR

OTHER ACK FABLES & HUMOUR:







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AMAR CHITRA KATHA

THE BRAHMIN AND THE GOAT

TALES FROM THE PANCHATANTRA

Vol 562 | ₹50

THE BRAHMAN AND THE GOAT

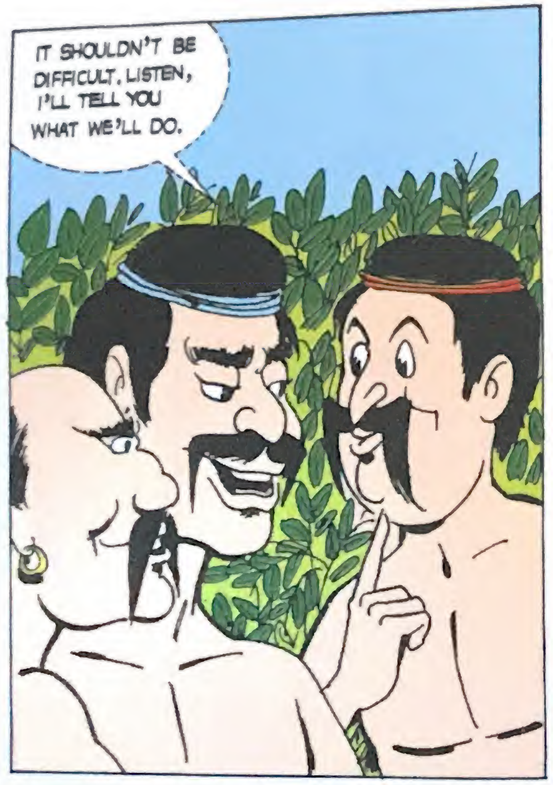
ONE DAY, A BRAHMAN CALLED MITRA SHARMA WAS RETURNING HOME FROM A NEIGHBOURING VILLAGE.

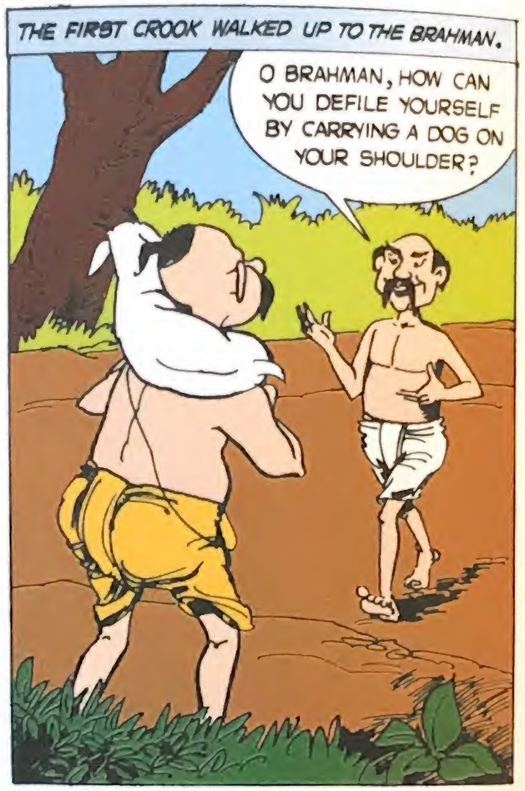
IT WAS KIND OF THAT VILLAGER TO GIVE ME THIS PLUMP GOAT FOR THE SACRIFICE.

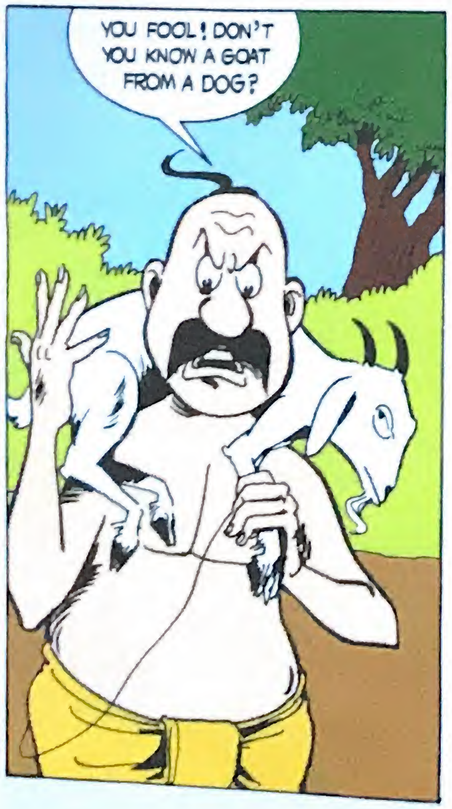
JUST THEN, THREE HUNGRY CROOKS HAPPENED TO SEE HIM.

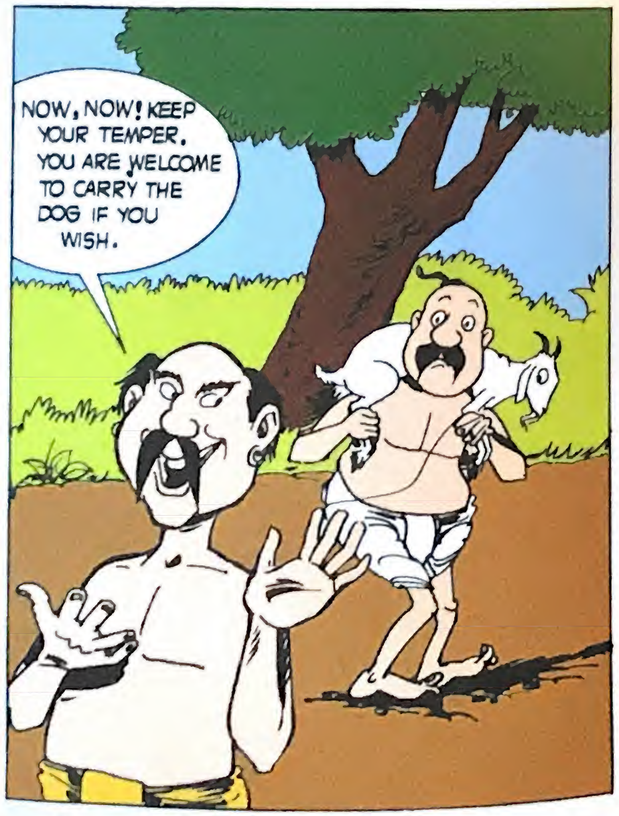
WHAT A PLUMP GOAT!

IT WOULD MAKE A FINE DINNER! LET'S TRICK HIM OUT OF IT.

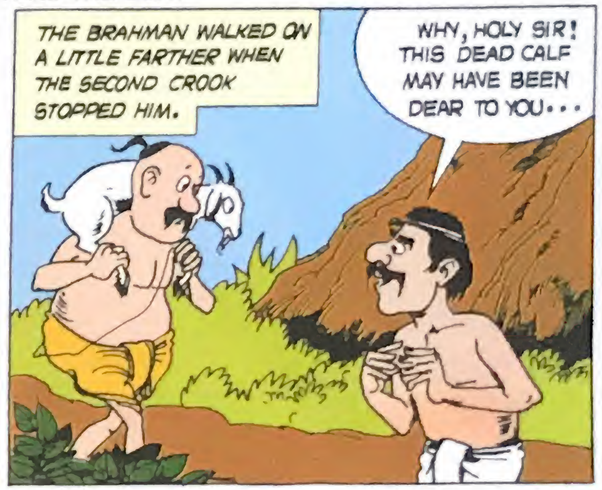

IT SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT. LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO.

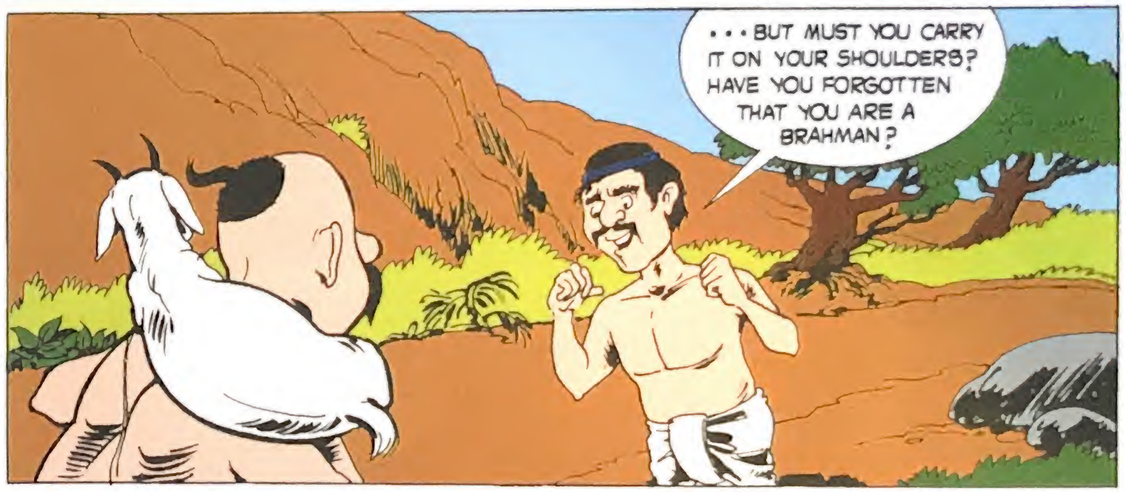

THE FIRST CROOK WALKED UP TO THE BRAHMAN.
O BRAHMAN, HOW CAN YOU DEFILE YOURSELF BY CARRYING A DOG ON YOUR SHOULDER?

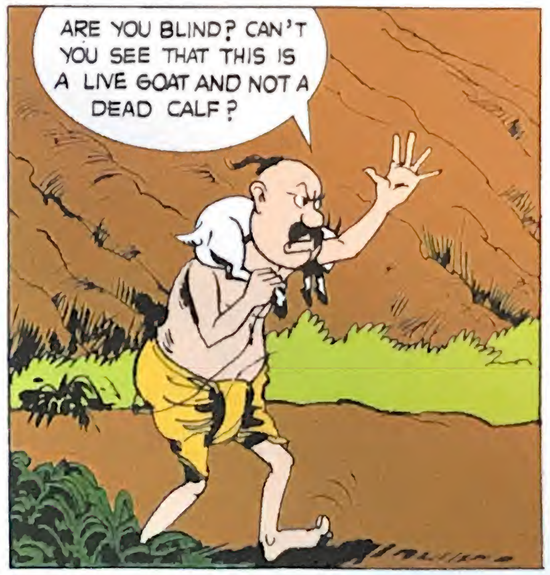

YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW A GOAT FROM A DOG?


NOW, NOW! KEEP YOUR TEMPER. YOU ARE WELCOME TO CARRY THE DOG IF YOU WISH.

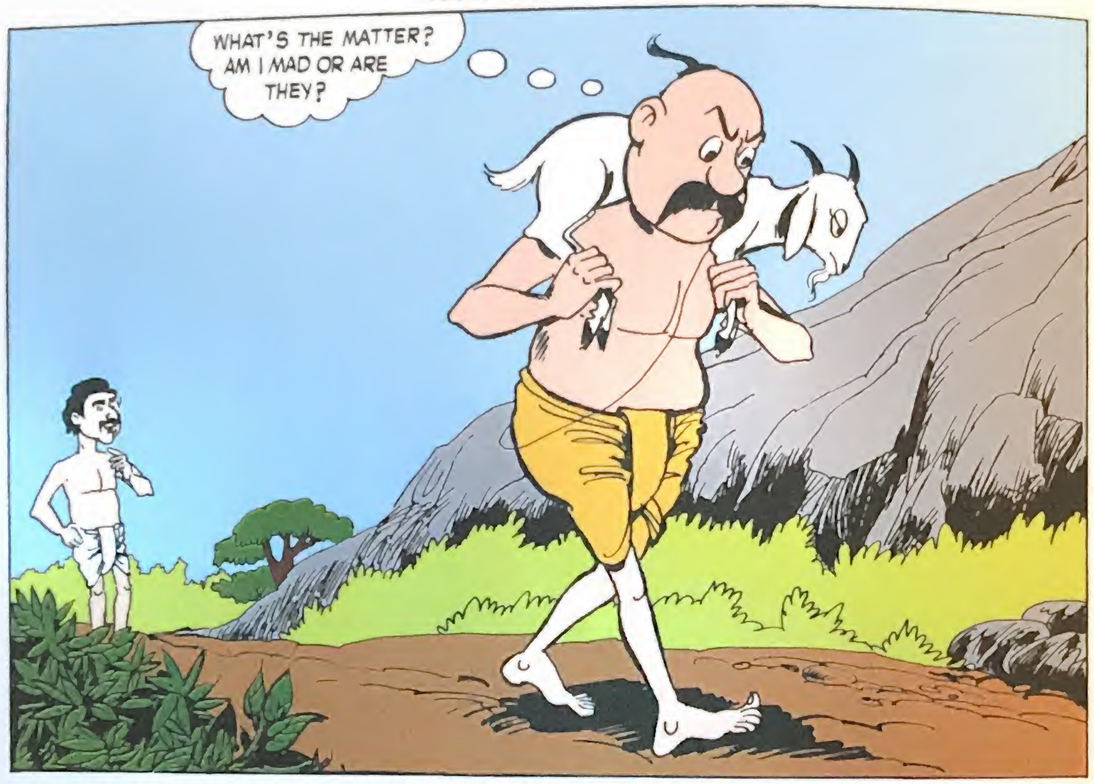
ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS ON ME? NO; TO BE SURE IT'S A GOAT!

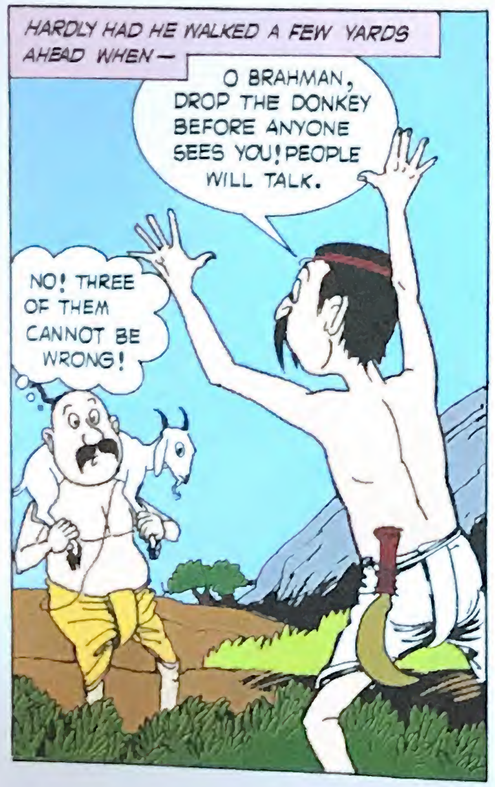

THE BRAHMAN WALKED ON A LITTLE FARTHER WHEN THE SECOND CROOK STOPPED HIM.
WHY, HOLY SIR! THIS DEAD CALF MAY HAVE BEEN DEAR TO YOU...

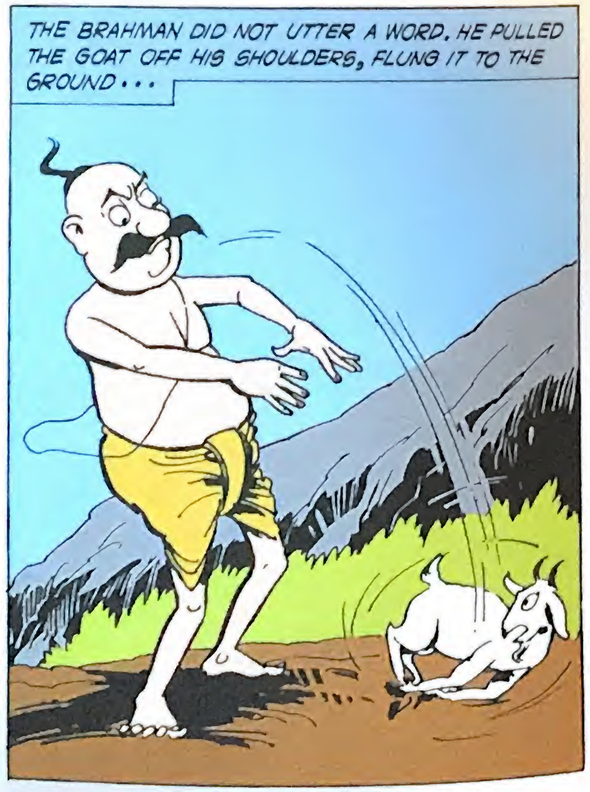

...BUT MUST YOU CARRY IT ON YOUR SHOULDERS? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT YOU ARE A BRAHMAN?

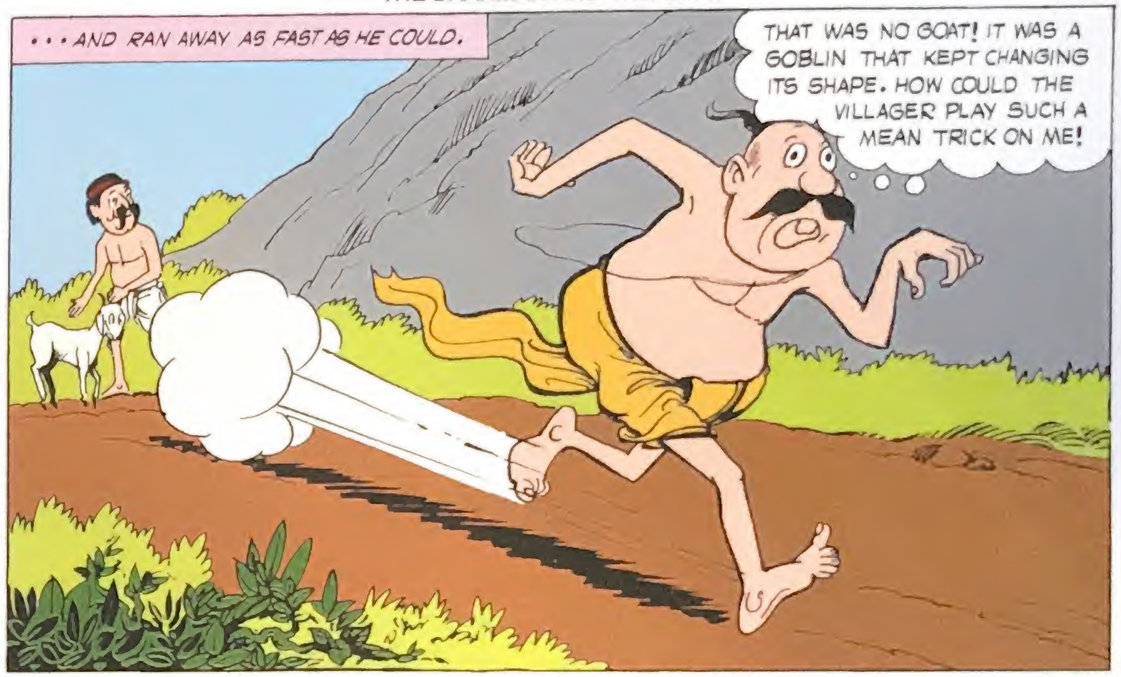

ARE YOU BLIND? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THIS IS A LIVE GOAT AND NOT A DEAD CALF?

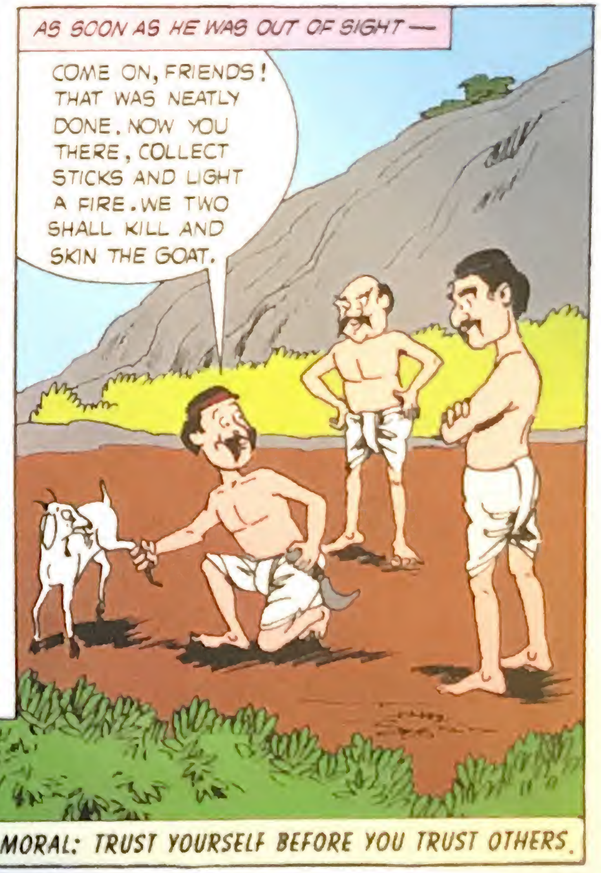
PLEASE DON'T BE ANGRY, HOLY SIR. I'M SORRY. MY MISTAKE, PERHAPS.











MORAL: TRUST YOURSELF BEFORE YOU TRUST OTHERS.

THE KING ELEPHANT AND THE MICE

ONE HOT SUMMER, ALL THE RIVERS IN A FOREST RAN DRY.

THE KING ELEPHANT OF A HERD OF ELEPHANTS WAS WORRIED.

IF I DON'T FIND SOME WATER SOON, WE WILL ALL DIE.

SUDDENLY, ONE OF HIS RETINUE LUMBERED UP TO HIM.

WATER! I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET WATER. A BIRD TOLD ME THAT IN A LAKE NOT FAR FROM HERE, THERE IS ENOUGH WATER FOR TEN HERDS LIKE OURS!

THE KING WAS RELIEVED. HE GAVE ORDERS AND THE MARCH BEGAN.

YOU LEAD US, WE WILL FOLLOW.

TOWARDS NOON, THE ELEPHANTS SPOTTED THE LAKE.

LOOK! THERE IT IS!

AND THEY CHARGED TOWARDS THE WATER, TRAMPLING EVERYTHING IN THEIR WAKE.

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

ELEPHANTS! IT'S A STAMPEDE!

AMONG THE VICTIMS WERE A NUMBER OF MICE WHO HAD BURROWED A COLONY NEAR THE LAKE. LATER, THE MICE THAT HAD MANAGED TO ESCAPE, HELD A MEETING.

ONE OF THEM HAD AN IDEA.

WHY DON'T WE GO TO THE KING OF THE HERD AND REQUEST HIM NOT TO COME THIS WAY AGAIN?

AN EXCELLENT IDEA!

SO THEY WENT TO THE KING ELEPHANT.

O KING, WE HAVE BEEN LIVING NEAR THIS LAKE FOR GENERATIONS. WHILE YOUR HERD CAME CHARGING THIS WAY, IT TRAMPLED TO DEATH NEARLY HALF OUR CLAN. WE BEG OF YOU...

...HAVE MERCY ON US AND FIND SOME OTHER PATH TO AND FROM THE LAKE.

SPARE OUR LIVES. SMALL THOUGH WE ARE, SOME DAY WE MAY PROVE USEFUL TO YOU.

PAH! HOW CAN THESE TEENY-WEENY MICE BE USEFUL TO US?

BUT THE ELEPHANT WAS KIND-HEARTED.

SET YOUR MINDS AT REST. I SHALL TELL MY HERD TO TAKE ANOTHER PATH.

O KING, WE ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU. IF EVER YOU NEED US, WE SHALL BE WITH YOU.

AS HE WATCHED THE GRATEFUL, HAPPY MICE SCAMPER AWAY, LITTLE DID THE KING ELEPHANT REALISE HOW SOON HE WOULD NEED THEM!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE ELEPHANTS LUMBERED TOWARDS THE LAKE AS USUAL—

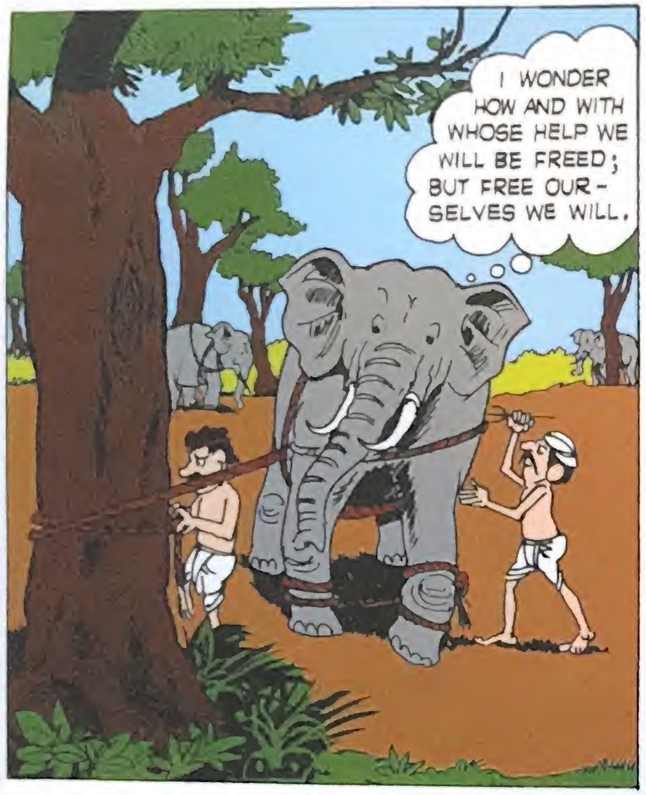
CHEEEE

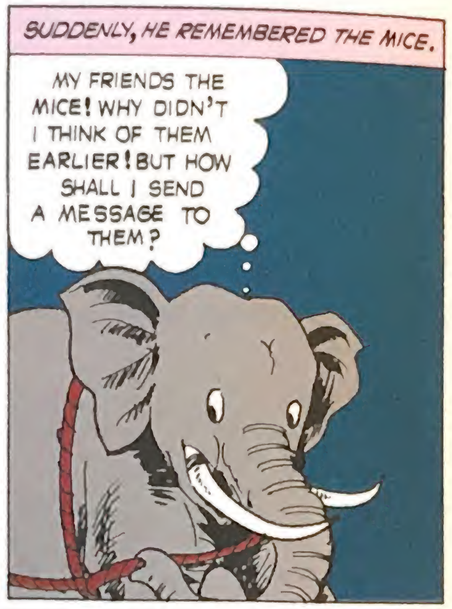
IT'S A TRAP!

TAKE CARE!

TRAPPERS ON OUR TRAIL!

THREE DAYS LATER, THE TRAPPERS CAME.


I WONDER HOW AND WITH WHOSE HELP WE WILL BE FREED; BUT FREE OUR-SELVES WE WILL.


SUDDENLY, HE REMEMBERED THE MICE.
MY FRIENDS THE MICE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THEM EARLIER! BUT HOW SHALL I SEND A MESSAGE TO THEM?

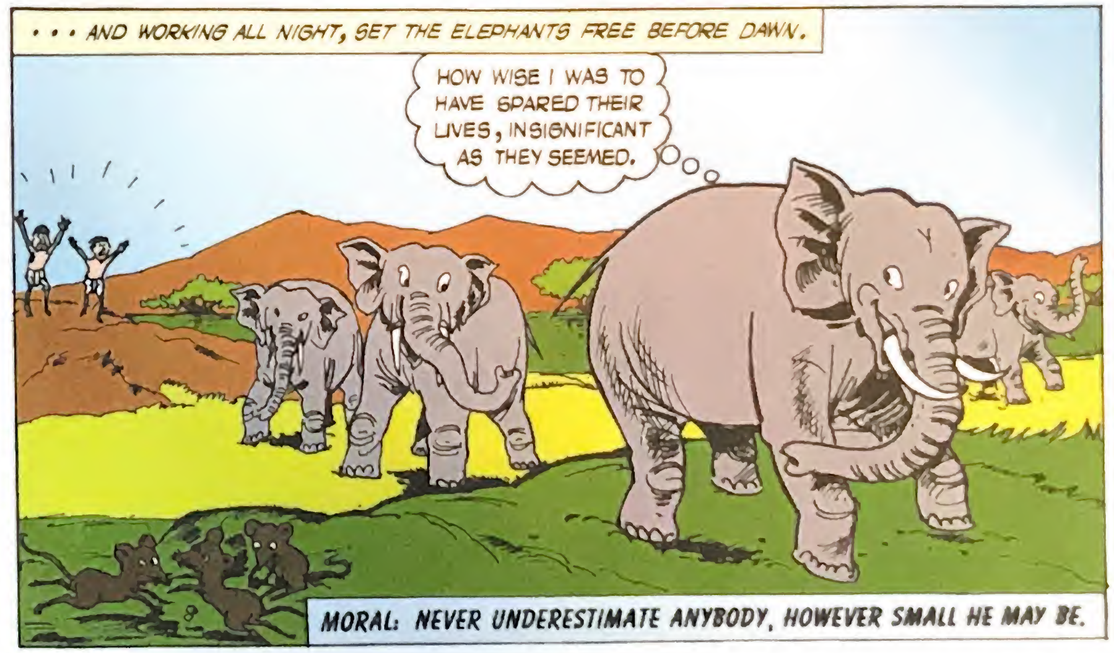
AS SOON AS THE MICE HEARD THE ELEPHANT'S STORY—
WE WILL COME RIGHT AWAY. LEAD US TO THEM.

THAT NIGHT, WHEN ONE OF THE ELEPHANTS WHO HAD ESCAPED CAME TO SEE THE KING —
GO TO THE MICE AND TELL THEM OF OUR PLIGHT.

HURRY!
HURRY!
WE MUST FINISH OUR TASK BEFORE DAWN! BEFORE THE TRAPPERS RETURN!

AS SOON AS THEY REACHED THE PLACE WHERE THE ELEPHANTS WERE TIED UP...

. . . THEY GNAWED AWAY THE ROPES . . .


. . . AND WORKING ALL NIGHT, GET THE ELEPHANTS FREE BEFORE DAWN.
HOW WISE I WAS TO HAVE SPARED THEIR LIVES, INSIGNIFICANT AS THEY SEEMED.
MORAL: NEVER UNDERESTIMATE ANYBODY, HOWEVER SMALL HE MAY BE.

THE BRAHMAN, THE THIEF AND THE RAKSHASA

ONCE THERE WAS A BRAHMAN NAMED DRONA, WHO HAD GIVEN UP ALL THE LUXURIES OF LIFE.

ONE DAY, A DEVOTEE CAME TO SEE HIM.

MASTER, YOU ARE LEAN AND HUNGRY. PLEASE ACCEPT THESE.

TWO CALVES! MAY YOU EVER BE PROSPEROUS.

THE BRAHMAN FED THE CALVES ON BUTTER, OIL AND GRAIN. A THIEF NOTICED ALL THIS.

WHAT FAT CALVES! THIS VERY NIGHT, I SHALL STEAL THEM.

THAT NIGHT, AS HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE BRAHMAN'S HOUSE —

GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THIS?

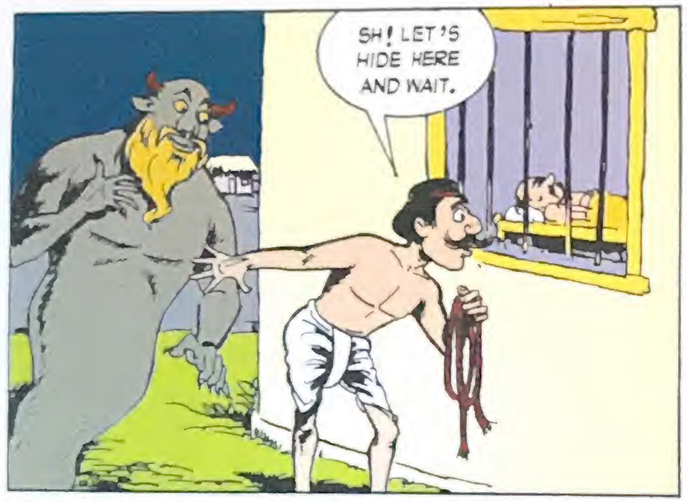
I AM A RAKSHASA CALLED SATYAVACHANA. WHO ARE YOU?

I'M KRURAKARMA. I'M GOING TO STEAL TWO FAT CALVES FROM A POOR BRAHMAN.

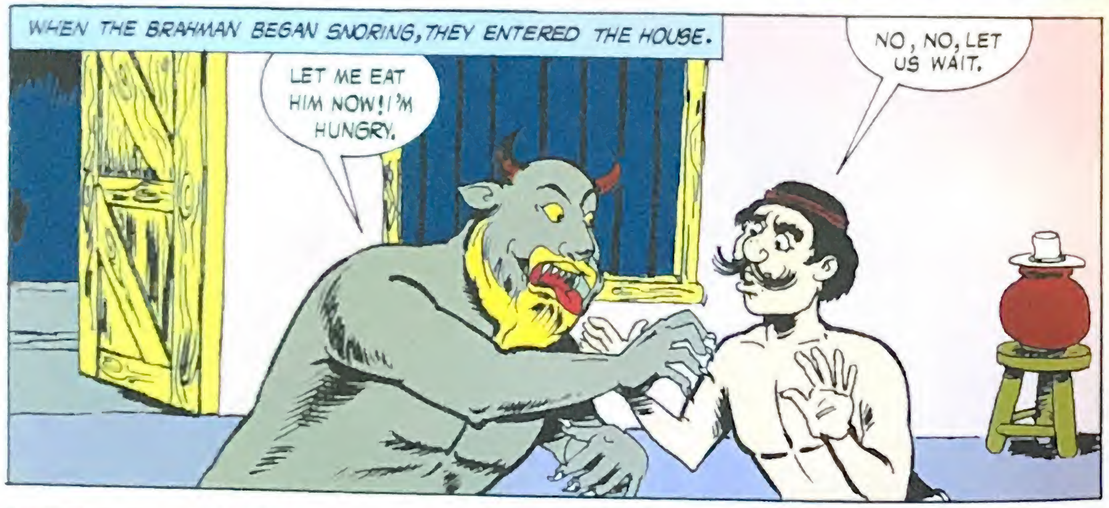
I SEE. LET'S BE FRIENDS.

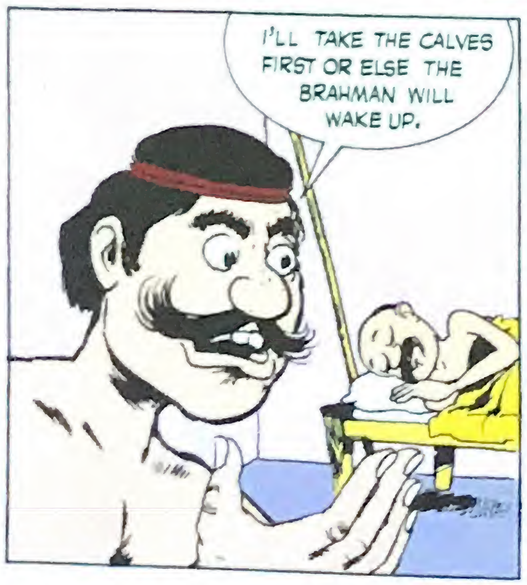
I'M VERY HUNGRY. I'LL EAT THE BRAHMAN WHILE YOU GET THE CALVES.

FINE! LET US GO!


SH! LET'S HIDE HERE AND WAIT.

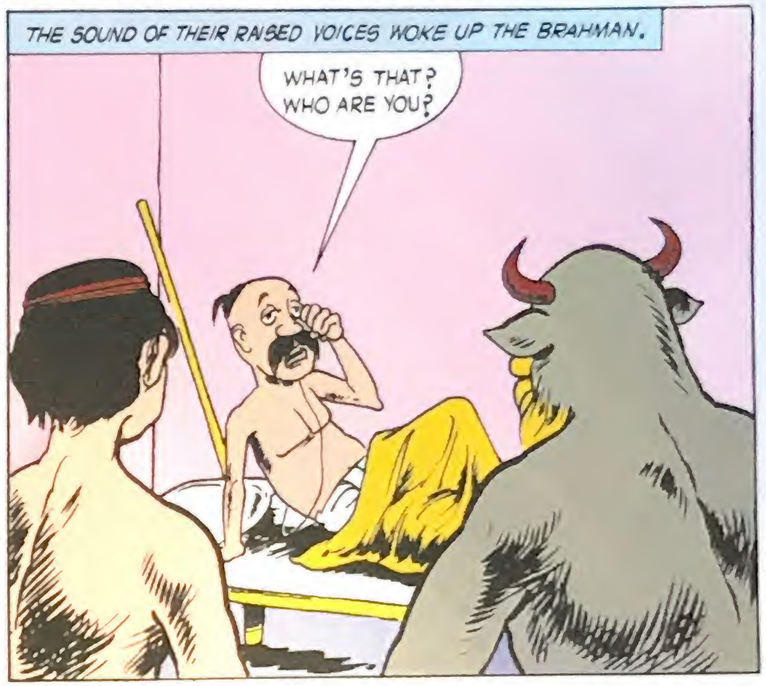
I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

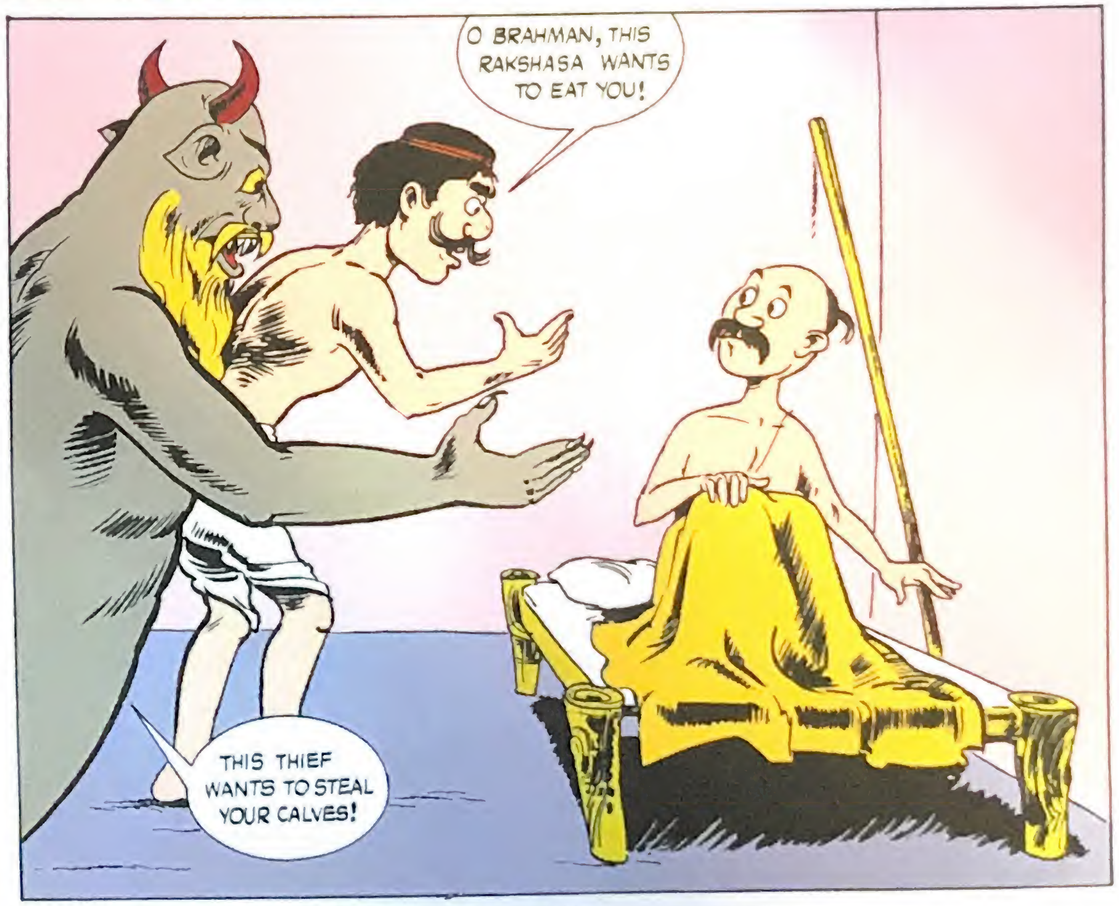

WHEN THE BRAHMAN BEGAN SNORING, THEY ENTERED THE HOUSE.
LET ME EAT HIM NOW! I'M HUNGRY.
NO, NO, LET US WAIT.

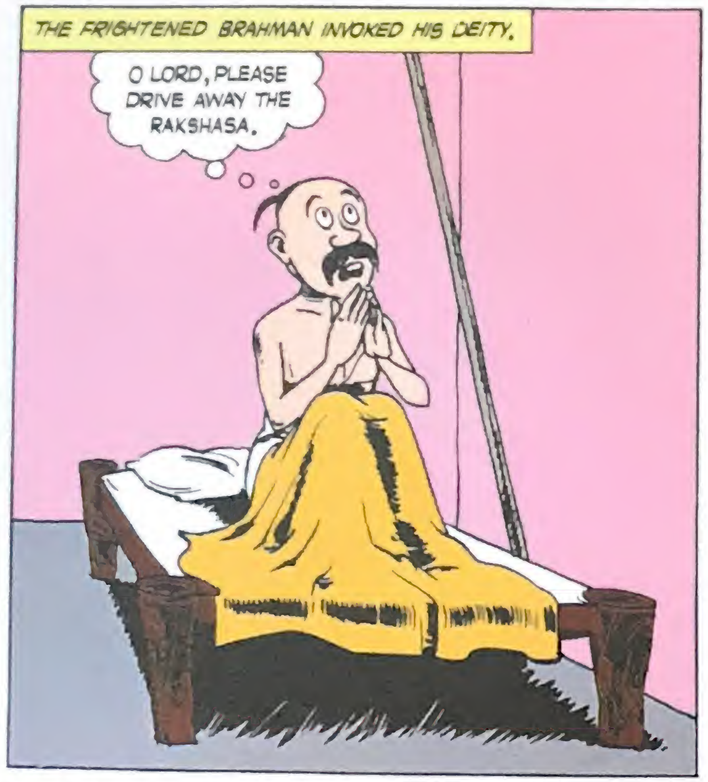

I'LL TAKE THE CALVES FIRST OR ELSE THE BRAHMAN WILL WAKE UP.

NO, NO! IF THE CALVES MOO, I'LL BE THE LOSER!

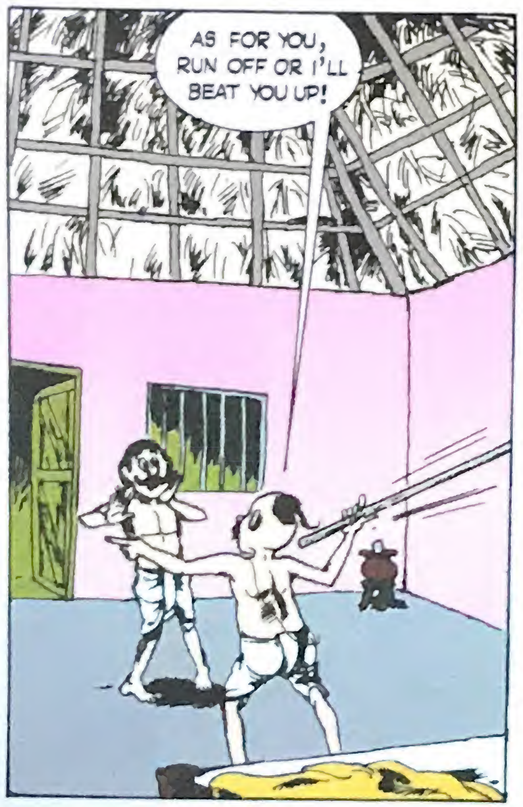
NO! I'LL TAKE THE CALVES FIRST!
NO! I'LL EAT THE BRAHMAN FIRST.

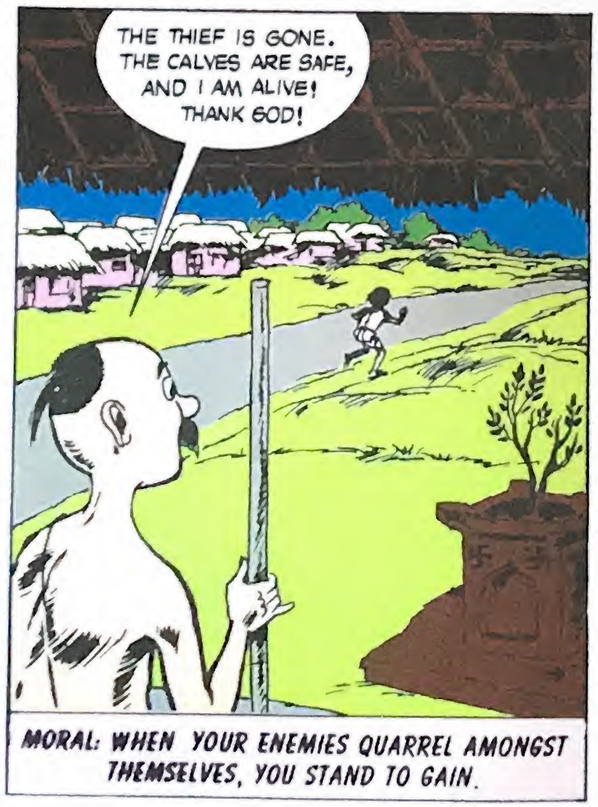

THE SOUND OF THEIR RAISED VOICES WOKE UP THE BRAHMAN.
WHAT'S THAT? WHO ARE YOU?

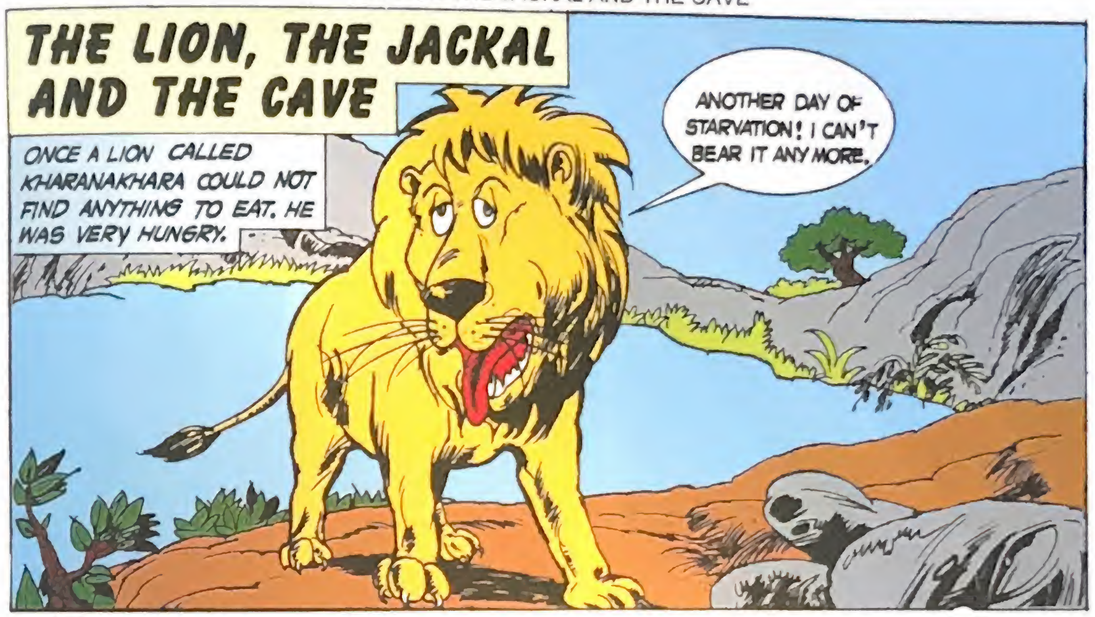

O BRAHMAN, THIS RAKSHASA WANTS TO EAT YOU!
THIS THIEF WANTS TO STEAL YOUR CALVES!

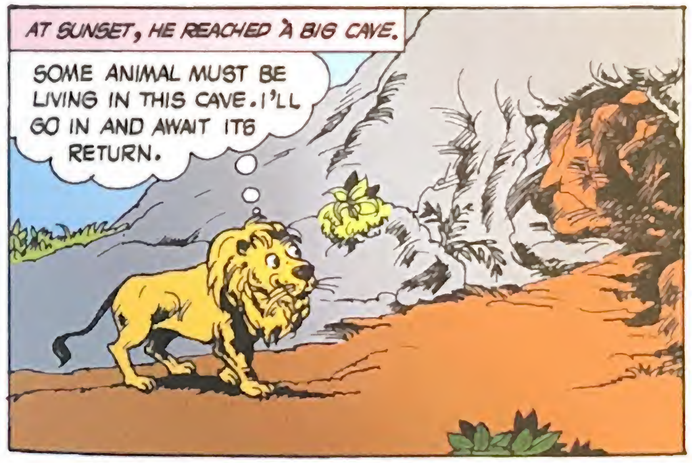

THE FRIGHTENED BRAHMAN INVOKED HIS DEITY.
O LORD, PLEASE DRIVE AWAY THE RAKSHASA.

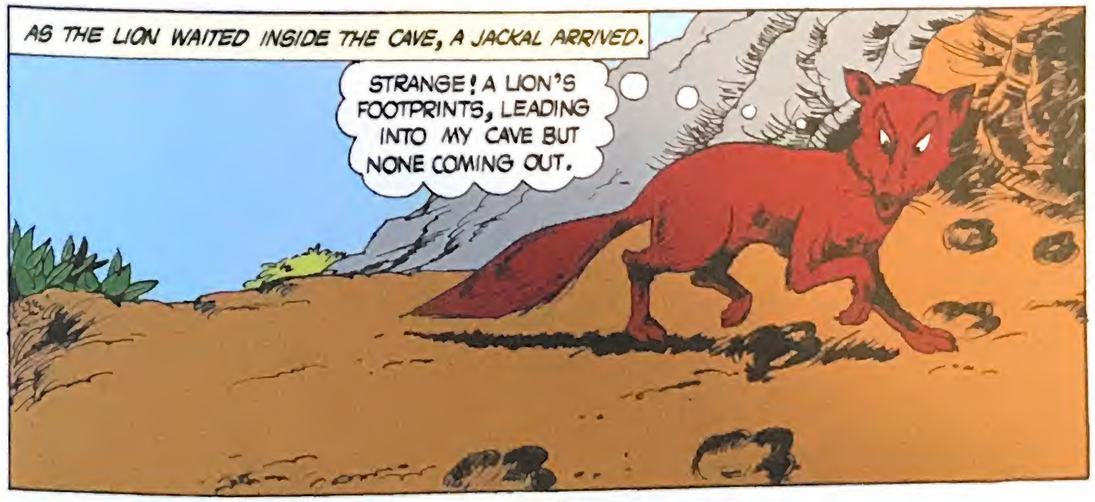
IN AN INSTANT, THE RAKSHASA VANISHED.


AS FOR YOU, RUN OFF OR I'LL BEAT YOU UP!


THE THIEF IS GONE. THE CALVES ARE SAFE, AND I AM ALIVE! THANK GOD!
MORAL: WHEN YOUR ENEMIES QUARREL AMONGST THEMSELVES, YOU STAND TO GAIN.


THE LION, THE JACKAL AND THE CAVE
ONCE A LION CALLED KHARANAKHARA COULD NOT FIND ANYTHING TO EAT. HE WAS VERY HUNGRY.
ANOTHER DAY OF STARVATION! I CAN'T BEAR IT ANY MORE.


AT SUNSET, HE REACHED A BIG CAVE.
SOME ANIMAL MUST BE LIVING IN THIS CAVE. I'LL GO IN AND AWAIT ITS RETURN.


AS THE LION WAITED INSIDE THE CAVE, A JACKAL ARRIVED.
STRANGE! A LION'S FOOTPRINTS, LEADING INTO MY CAVE BUT NONE COMING OUT.

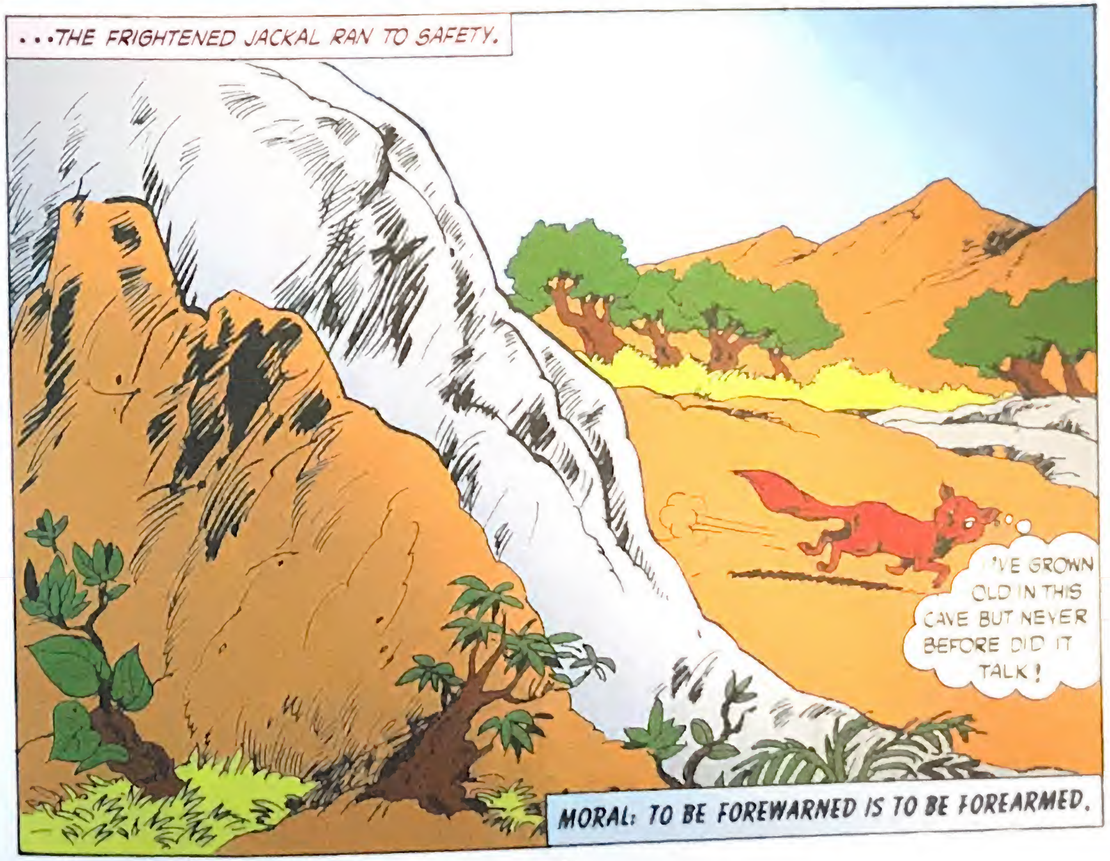
HOW CAN I FIND OUT IF A LION IS INSIDE OR NOT?
I HAVE IT! HELLO, CAVE!
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER? IF YOU DON'T, I'LL GO ELSEWHERE.

WHEN THE LION HEARD THIS —
WHY DOESN'T THE CAVE REPLY? IS HE AFRAID OF ME?

I'D BETTER ANSWER FOR THE CAVE OR THE JACKAL MAY GO AWAY AND I'LL LOSE MY DINNER!

HELLO JACKAL. IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO COME IN. PLEASE DO!

AS THE LION WAITED FOR A REPLY...


...THE FRIGHTENED JACKAL RAN TO SAFETY.
I'VE GROWN OLD IN THIS CAVE BUT NEVER BEFORE DID IT TALK!
MORAL: TO BE FOREWARNED IS TO BE FOREARMED.

THE MOUSE AND THE SAGE

LONG, LONG AGO, IN A HERMITAGE ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER GANGA, THERE LIVED A SAGE CALLED YAJNAVALKYA.

ONE DAY AS YAJNAVALKYA WAS SAYING HIS PRAYERS IN THE SACRED STREAM—

WHAT'S THIS! A MOUSE!

FOR A MOMENT, THE SAGE WONDERED WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

IF I LEAVE IT ON THE BANK, THE HAWK MAY ONCE AGAIN POUNCE ON IT.

THEN AN IDEA STRUCK HIM.

WHY NOT! AND MY WIFE HAS ALWAYS WANTED A DAUGHTER. YES. I'LL TURN IT INTO A BABY GIRL.

SO, USING HIS YOGIC POWERS, HE CHANGED THE MOUSE INTO A BABY GIRL AND TOOK HER HOME TO HIS WIFE.

TAKE HER, DEAR WIFE, AND REAR HER AS OUR OWN DAUGHTER.

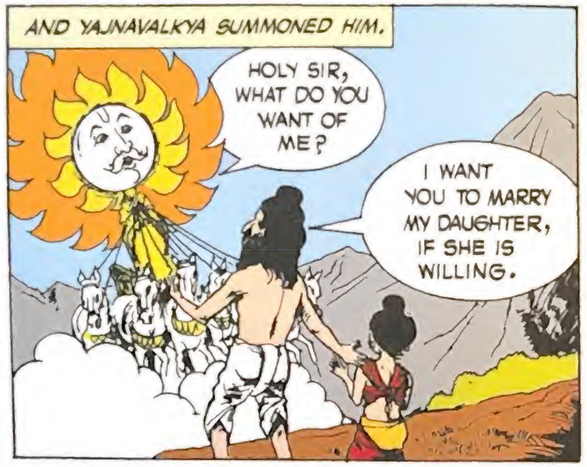
AH! MY PRAYERS HAVE AT LAST BEEN ANSWERED.

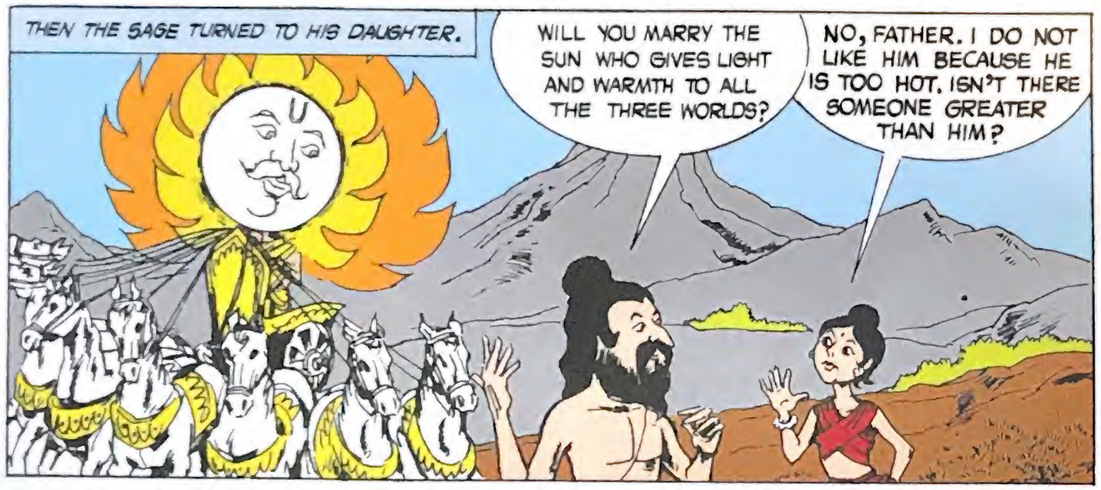
THE GIRL GREW UP IN THE SAGE'S HOUSE. SOON SHE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD.

DEAR HUSBAND, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME WE FOUND A SUITABLE HUSBAND FOR OUR DAUGHTER?

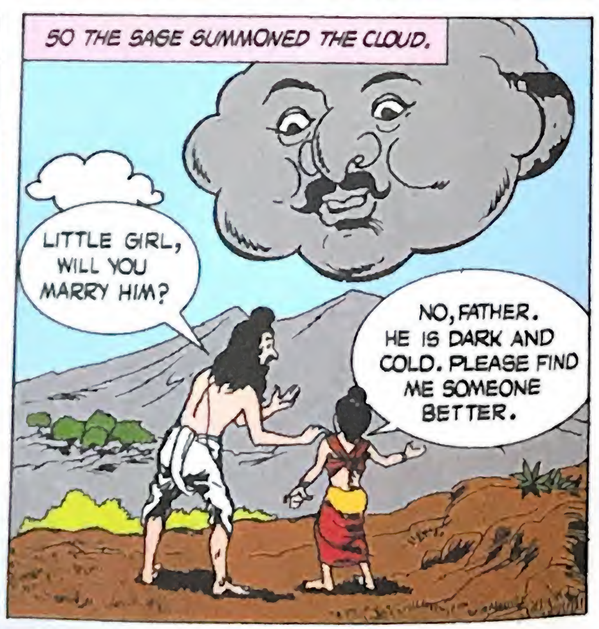
YOU ARE RIGHT. I MUST GIVE HER TO SOMEONE REALLY WORTHY OF HER.

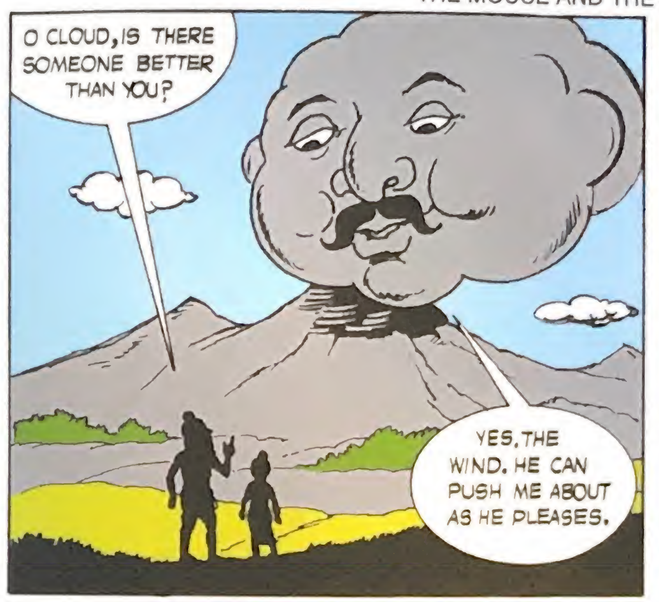
I WILL SUMMON THE SUN AND GIVE HER TO HIM.
A GOOD CHOICE.


AND YAJNAVALKYA SUMMONED HIM.
HOLY SIR, WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
I WANT YOU TO MARRY MY DAUGHTER, IF SHE IS WILLING.

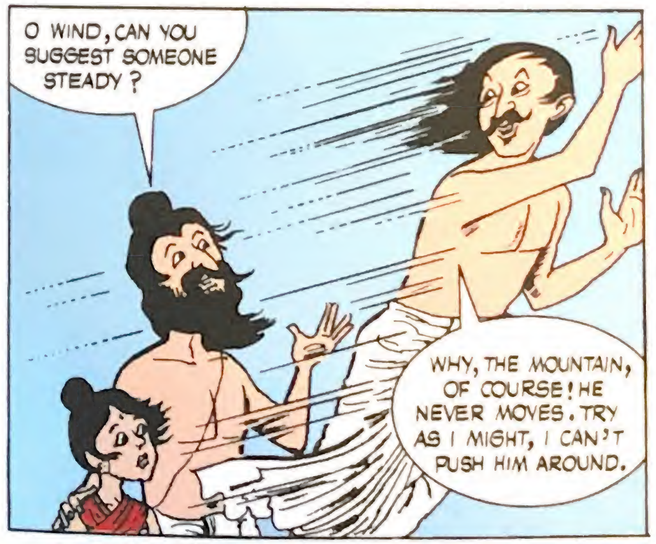

THEN THE SAGE TURNED TO HIS DAUGHTER.
WILL YOU MARRY THE SUN WHO GIVES LIGHT AND WARMTH TO ALL THE THREE WORLDS?
NO, FATHER. I DO NOT LIKE HIM BECAUSE HE IS TOO HOT. ISN'T THERE SOMEONE GREATER THAN HIM?

O BLESSED ONE, IS THERE ANYONE SUPERIOR TO YOU?
YES. THE CLOUD. HE CAN BLOT ME OUT WHENEVER HE FEELS LIKE IT.


SO THE SAGE SUMMONED THE CLOUD.
LITTLE GIRL, WILL YOU MARRY HIM?
NO, FATHER. HE IS DARK AND COLD. PLEASE FIND ME SOMEONE BETTER.


O CLOUD, IS THERE SOMEONE BETTER THAN YOU?
YES, THE WIND. HE CAN PUSH ME ABOUT AS HE PLEASES.

SO THE WIND WAS SUMMONED. BUT THE LITTLE GIRL DIDN'T WANT HIM EITHER.
I'M SORRY, FATHER. HOW CAN I MARRY HIM? HE'S ALWAYS RESTLESS.


O WIND, CAN YOU SUGGEST SOMEONE STEADY?
WHY, THE MOUNTAIN, OF COURSE! HE NEVER MOVES. TRY AS I MIGHT, I CAN'T PUSH HIM AROUND.

SO THE SAGE TOOK HIS DAUGHTER TO THE MOUNTAIN.
O MOUNTAIN! WILL YOU ACCEPT MY DAUGHTER FOR A WIFE?
GLADLY, O SAGE.

I SHALL MARRY YOU TO HIM, MY DAUGHTER. WHO COULD BE STEADIER THAN HIM?

BUT TO HIS SURPRISE, HIS DAUGHTER WAS ALMOST IN TEARS.

O FATHER, PLEASE SPARE ME. HE IS SO COARSE AND LIFELESS. PLEASE, PLEASE FIND SOMEONE MORE LIVELY.

THE SAGE LOOKED UP AT THE WISE MOUNTAIN.

O MIGHTY, WISE ONE, CAN YOU SUGGEST SOMEONE MORE SUITABLE?

OF COURSE, I CAN. THE BEST MATE FOR YOUR DAUGHTER WOULD BE THE KING OF THE MICE. HE'S THE LIVELIEST, FRISKIEST CREATURE I'VE SEEN IN MY LIFETIME. AND I AM MANY HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

SO THE SAGE SUMMONED THE KING OF THE MICE. AS SOON AS HE APPEARED THE LITTLE GIRL QUIVERED WITH JOY.

FATHER, HE'S THE ONE I'LL MARRY. PLEASE TURN ME INTO A MOUSE SO THAT I CAN KEEP HOUSE FOR HIM AS A GOOD WIFE SHOULD.

THE SAGE USED HIS YOGIC POWERS AND TURNED HER BACK INTO A MOUSE.

HE THEN GAVE HER IN MARRIAGE TO THE KING OF THE MICE.

STRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF NATURE. I BROUGHT HER UP AS A HUMAN CHILD. I OFFERED HER THE SUN, THE CLOUD, THE WIND, THE MOUNTAIN; AND YET, SHE FOUND SHE COULD BE HAPPY ONLY WITH THE HUMBLE MOUSE.

MORAL: LET A MOUSE BE A MOUSE.

THE BIRD WHO SHED GOLDEN DROPPINGS

IN A HUGE TREE, THERE ONCE LIVED A BIRD CALLED SINDHUKA. ONE DAY, A HUNTER WHO HAD COME THERE TO CATCH BIRDS SAT DOWN TO REST UNDER THE TREE.

SUDDENLY —

CHEE! CHEE! A BIRD'S DROPPINGS!

AS HE BENT DOWN TO BRUSH OFF THE DROPPINGS —

WHAT! IT'S TURNED INTO GOLD!

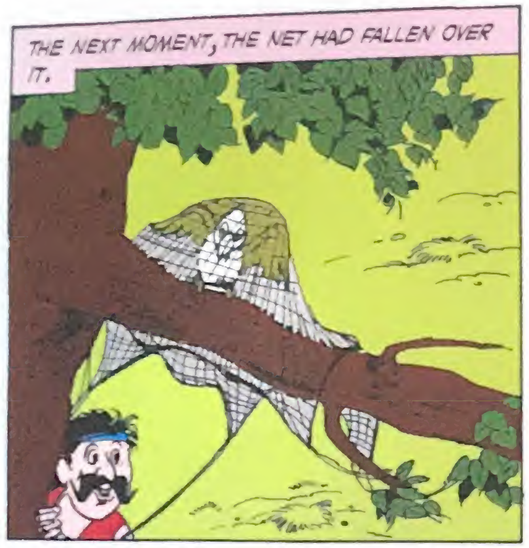
NEVER HAVE I SEEN THIS KIND OF THING BEFORE. I MUST CATCH THAT BIRD.

JUST THEN THE BIRD FLEW AWAY.

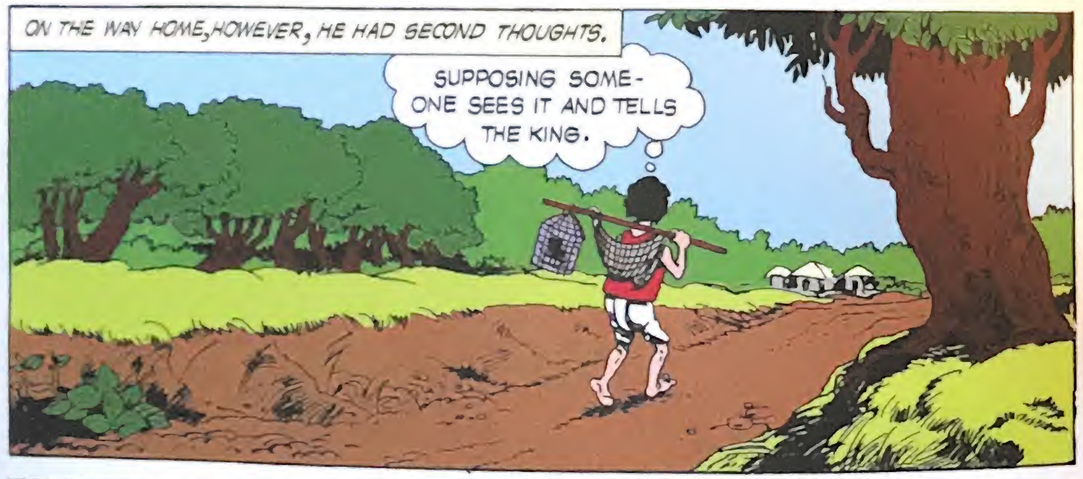
AH! THAT MUST BE THE BRANCH WHERE IT USUALLY SITS. I'LL SET A TRAP RIGHT WHERE IT WAS PERCHING.

SO HE SET THE TRAP AND WAITED.

THAT EVENING, WHEN THE BIRD RETURNED HOME TO ROOST, IT DID NOT EXAMINE ITS PERCH FOR ANY LURKING DANGER AS A GOOD BIRD SHOULD.

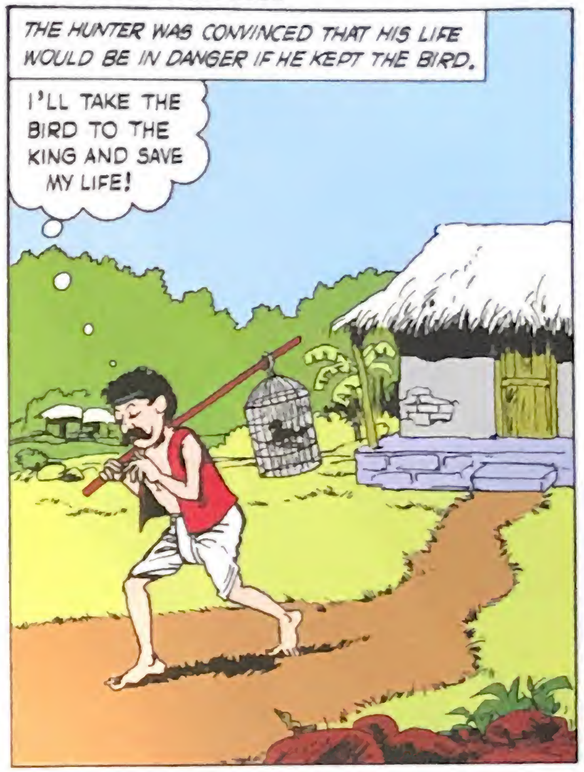

THE NEXT MOMENT, THE NET HAD FALLEN OVER IT.

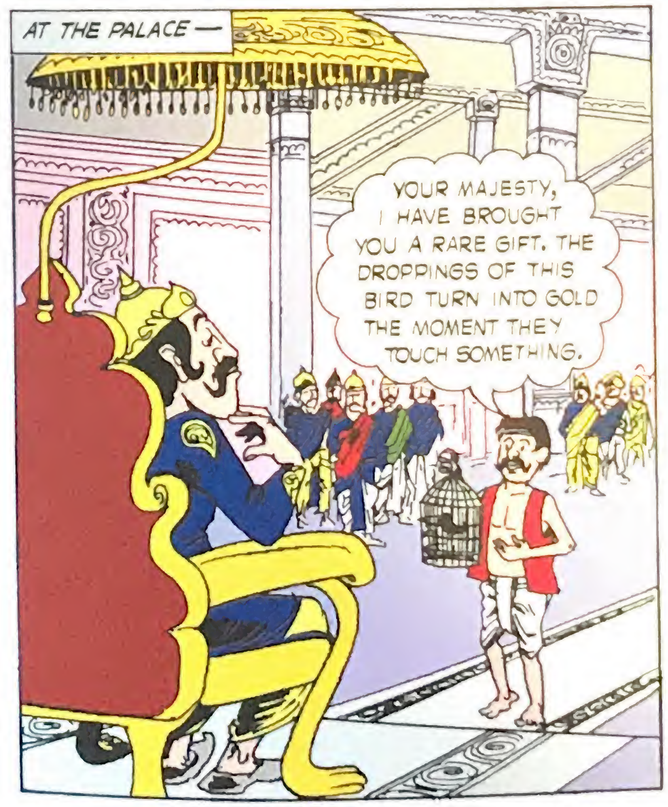
THE HUNTER PUT THE BIRD INTO A CAGE.
I'LL TAKE HIM HOME. I'LL NEVER HAVE TO HUNT AGAIN.

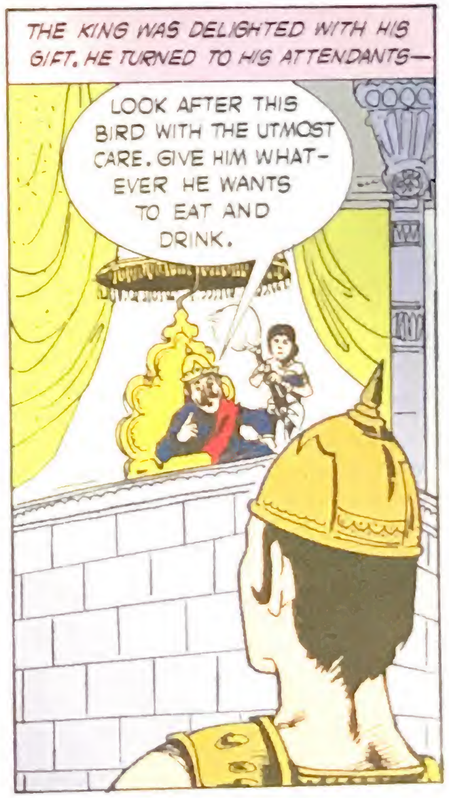

ON THE WAY HOME, HOWEVER, HE HAD SECOND THOUGHTS.
SUPPOSING SOME-ONE SEES IT AND TELLS THE KING.

THE KING WOULD BE ANGRY WITH ME FOR NOT TELLING HIM ABOUT IT.

HE MIGHT EVEN BEHEAD ME! NO, MY LIFE IS WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD.


THE HUNTER WAS CONVINCED THAT HIS LIFE WOULD BE IN DANGER IF HE KEPT THE BIRD.
I'LL TAKE THE BIRD TO THE KING AND SAVE MY LIFE!


AT THE PALACE —
YOUR MAJESTY, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A RARE GIFT. THE DROPPINGS OF THIS BIRD TURN INTO GOLD THE MOMENT THEY TOUCH SOMETHING.


THE KING WAS DELIGHTED WITH HIS GIFT. HE TURNED TO HIS ATTENDANTS—
LOOK AFTER THIS BIRD WITH THE UTMOST CARE. GIVE HIM WHAT-EVER HE WANTS TO EAT AND DRINK.

THE MINISTERS, HOWEVER, DID NOT QUITE LIKE A MERE BIRD GETTING SO MUCH ATTENTION.

O KING, IT IS NOT WISE TO TRUST THE WORDS OF A MERE HUNTER. HOW CAN A BIRD'S DROPPINGS TURN INTO GOLD?

BLINDED BY JEALOUSY, THEY GAVE THE KING FOOLISH COUNSEL.

IT IS CRUEL TO CAGE THIS POOR BIRD BECAUSE OF WHAT THAT HUNTER SAYS. BIRDS SHOULD BE FLYING FREELY IN THE FOREST.

HOW RIGHT THEY ARE!

THE FOOLISH KING TRUSTED THE MINISTER'S WORDS WITHOUT FINDING OUT THE FACTS FOR HIMSELF.

ALL RIGHT, THEN SET IT FREE.

AN ATTENDANT OPENED THE CAGE.

THE DELIGHTED BIRD FLEW TO THE TOP OF THE TALL PALACE GATES . . .

. . . AND PERCHING HIMSELF THERE, LET FALL HIS DROPPINGS.

WHY! THE DROPPINGS HAVE, INDEED, TURNED TO GOLD! FOOLS THAT WE ARE! QUICK! GET THE BIRD.

BUT THE BIRD FLEW AWAY.

NOT AGAIN, MY KING. WE HAVE ALL BEEN A PACK OF FOOLS; FIRST I, THEN THE HUNTER, THEN YOUR MINISTERS AND THEN YOU. NO, I'LL NOT BE SO FOOLISH AS TO BE CAUGHT AGAIN.

MORAL: ASCERTAIN A FACT BEFORE YOU ACCEPT ANOTHER'S WORD FOR IT.